

whatever labour or favour to our said painter (whom for many reasons we greatly favour, and wish him well), may be granted or indulged by you in this business, we shall esteem as rendered to ourselves. Given under our signet, from our palace of Holyroodhouse, the 20th day of November, the year of grace 1594.—JACOBUS R.

#### AN ABERDEEN JOKER.

“Driver, driver, stop man, your wheel’s rinning round!” shouted an Aberdeen *gamin* to a cabby who was driving at a rapid rate along Union Street one day. The coachman pulled up at once and alighted, whereupon young Bon-Accord put his fingers to his nose, and crying—

“Ye needna look now, because it’s stoppit,” vanished down the stairs which used to lead to Widow Skinner’s.

#### LAWS OF KENNETH MACALPINE.

These laws, which are mentioned by Fordun, the oldest of our historians, have been considered by other historians as genuine; and, in particular, Buchanan says, “That from his laws, which posterity called Macalpine, the affairs of Scotland flourished for many ages after, no less than by arms.” Innes says, they are spoken of by the ancient chroniclers; Boethius gives them at full length. As far as the matter can be investigated, the evidence is in their favour.

We find the country was then divided into districts, and the office of sheriff or chief ruler in each district established. The qualification for the office was an acquaintance with the laws of the kingdom. The sheriffs are ordered to instruct their sons in the law, no doubt, that the knowledge of the law might be preserved, and that the son might be qualified to succeed his

father. Sheriffs, if guilty of treason or grossly unfaithful in the discharge of their duties, are to be capitally punished by being hanged.

#### *Criminal Law of Kenneth Macalpine.*

The criminal code is very simple, but remarkable for the severity of its punishment.

Theft is punishable by hanging; murderers and robbers are to be beheaded. The same punishment is assigned to persons guilty of a rape, but the woman has the power of interfering and by marriage saving the man’s life. Adultery subjects both parties to death. Witches are to be burnt to death. In this respect they are not worse than the laws as enforced in Scotland, England, on the continent, and in America, in the seventeenth century. Slander was punished by the forfeiture of the guilty person’s sword, and, of course, his expulsion from respectable society. For blaspheming God or His saints, or speaking disrespectfully of the king, or the chieftain, the guilty person was punished by cutting out the tongue.

It would appear from the above that beheading was deemed a severer or more disgraceful punishment than hanging.

Women capitally convicted, are to be punished by being drowned or burnt alive. It is to be hoped that this latter punishment, which was inflicted on those convicted of witchcraft, for which that punishment is specially named, was never inflicted on any others. We may presume, that the punishment by drowning was made use of out of a sort of mercy to the sex. There is also a liberal allowance made for actions done by a wife in presence of her husband, as she is supposed to be under control, and exempt from punishment, as is the law at present. The husband is made accountable for actions done by his wife with his know-

ledge and privity. A concubine is not supposed to be under the power of the man, and is accountable and punishable for her actions.

We find the institution of a jury for the trial of criminals, at least, in a rude state. When a person is accused, an inquest is ordered to be made by the judge with seven wise and judicious men, or any higher number, provided it be an odd number. From the circumstance of an odd number being appointed, we may infer that the majority of the jury, as at present in Scotland, was sufficient to establish a decision. To preserve order before the court, it is ordained that either of the parties striking the other shall thereby lose his cause.

A respect to parental authority is supported by appointing that any person grossly abusing his father or mother should have his members cut off, and that he should then be hanged and remain unburied above ground.

#### *Civil Law of Kenneth Macalpine.*

The civil code is extremely simple, as might be expected amongst a people having little or no commerce, and few ranks and gradations in society, and therefore few interests to settle. It relates chiefly to agricultural matters. It is forbidden to sow seed until it be first cleaned from noxious grains, as seed of thistles. Beasts straying on a neighbour's land are ordered to be secured in a pond, until satisfaction be made. Swine rooting up the grass or corn may be killed. If a man suffer his land to be overgrown with noxious weeds to the injury of his neighbours, for the first offence he is to forfeit an ox, and for the second, ten oxen; for the third, the whole of his lands. If beasts be found straying, they are ordered to be delivered to the public officers of justice, or to the priest of the

parish, until the owners be found. Persons finding cattle or other property, and concealing the matter, are to be considered as thieves, and punished accordingly.

At the period of the conquest of the Picts, and the publishing of this code of laws by Kenneth Macalpine, we find Christianity fully established throughout the country, accompanied at the same time with many superstitions. Our holy religion had made its way amongst the Picts, whilst the Romans were in possession of the northern part of the island, but at what precise period the whole nation was brought to a public profession of it is very uncertain; perhaps it was not before the sixth century. However, we now find a church and priest in every parish; we find altars and images erected, of course, by the road side and other public places, oratories or houses of prayer, and chapels for the statues of the Virgin, Christ, and the Saints. These are commanded to be held in veneration, as well as the persons of all the ecclesiastics. It is also commanded to observe the festivals and solemn days, the fasts, vigils, and all other ceremonies instituted by the church. Indeed, the favour shown to churchmen is carried so far, that it is ordained that whoever injures them by word or deed shall be put to death. From the severity of this enactment, we may suspect that in these barbarous times the persons of peaceable churchmen were often liable to be insulted, or we should not find the king and nobles enacting laws so difficult of execution, and so likely to occasion resentment and ill-will. The Danes were not then converted to Christianity, and these laws might be necessary as a check on such of them as had been allowed to settle in Scotland. Buch. vi. c. 10, 11. The anxiety of the church to obtain the severe sanction of civil power to maintain her rites and institutions,



shows sufficiently that her spiritual power had not yet acquired absolute sway over the people.

A neglect of the decent interment of the dead is a strong proof of imperfect civilization, and of a want of firm belief in a future state. It has ever been the care of the legislature to enforce the proper celebration of the rites of sepulture, as a means of softening the manners and strengthening the impressions of religion. For this purpose the Grecian priests and legislators propagated the idea that the shade of the person left unburied wandered a hundred years on the banks of the Styx. In the Macalpine code, regulations are laid down for the funerals of inferior persons, and for men of rank great pomp and splendour are commanded. In after times, the enactments of this law being found burdensome and too expensive, were repealed. Sepulchres are ordered to be respected, and the place where a person is buried is to be marked by a cross to protect it from insult. To impress on the people the heinous nature of the crime of murder, it is ordered that the place where it is committed shall remain untitled for seven years. From an equally well meaning, but mistaken motive, we may account for the law which commanded that a sow which devoured her own pigs should be put to death.

#### "A VALUABLE DIBBLE."

A Tay fisherman, near Kinfauns, a few years ago, brought up in his net an article, the like of which he had never seen before, but he thought it would do to plant his kail with; and it turned out a serviceable dibble. A gentleman having heard of the fisherman's "dibble," had it sent to him, and discovered that it was a fine old Roman sword, made of bronze, in excellent preservation, after lying in the water for many hundred years.

#### WHAT A MAN CAN LIVE ON.

In 1840, some experiments were instituted in the Glasgow prison on the diet of a selected number of the inmates. The persons were fed on the following fare:—

For breakfast, each had eight ounces of oatmeal made into porridge, with a pint of buttermilk; for dinner, three pounds of boiled potatoes with salt; for supper, five ounces of oatmeal porridge, with one half pint of buttermilk. At the end of two months they were all in good health, each person had gained four pounds weight, and they liked the diet, the cost of which, including the cooking, was twopence three-farthings per day. Other ten men were fed for the same time solely on boiled potatoes and salt; each had two pounds for breakfast, three pounds for dinner, and one pound for supper. They gained three and a half pounds each; and they declared that they preferred this fare to the ordinary diet of the prison. Twelve others were fed on the same allowance of porridge and milk for breakfast and supper as the first ten; but for dinner they had soup, containing two pounds of potatoes to each, and a quarter of a pound of meat. At the end of two months they had lost in weight one and a quarter pounds each, and they all disliked this diet; the expense of each daily was threepence seven-eighths. Twenty others had the same breakfast and supper, with one pound of potatoes for dinner, and half a pound of meat. They preserved good health, but decreased in weight, and preferred the ordinary diet of the prison. The expense was fourpence seven-eighths each. In these cases, perhaps, the previous habits and tastes of the prisoners had some influence, yet it appears that the six pounds of potatoes daily was a better diet than the smaller quantities of soup or animal food.

## GRASS RHYMES TO ASS.

A certain gentleman in Aberdeenshire, whom in courtesy we must style "Reverend," was holding forth to his flock on the goodness of Providence. After remarking that the earth brought forth many "good things" besides the mere "thorns and thistles" mentioned in the original denunciation of barrenness, he thus proceeded—

"I *might* live on grass; but what sort of a life would it be? Nebuchadnezzar lived seven years on grass—served a seven years' apprenticeship to the grazing; but what sort of a life was his?" On this we ground the following epigram:—

"Says the Rev. — 'I might live upon grass,  
And be in the fields a free rover;  
But what life would this be?'—'Very good  
for an ass

Who has no objections to *clover!*"

Ramsay.

## SERVANT v. MASTER.

One day during the great colliery "disruption" of 1873, two young colliers from Carlisle drove down in a waggonette to a coalpit near Wishaw, for the purpose of inspecting a working place they had secured from the underground manager the previous day. They were dressed in the highest stage of finery. Each pocket in their waistcoats sported a watch in its own right, and the cable connections in gold between the buttonholes and watchpockets were something enormous. Their fingers were tired with rings extracted from the precious ore, while the heads of their walking canes glittered and glowered in the same metal. On driving up to the pit, they asked a man, who happened to be near, if he would "haud the horse," and they would give him "something tae himsel'?"

The man agreed. The two friends went down the pit, inspected their "rooms," came up again, and on the pit-head held the following consultation:—

*First Collier*—"Hoo muckle will we gie that cove for haudin' the horse?"

*Second Collier*—"Oh, dasht! we'll gie him a shillin'. He's a hard-up lookin' sowl."

Accordingly the "hard-up looking sowl" got his shilling. He touched his hat, thanked them, put the shilling in his pocket, and retired with a queer smile struggling for a place on his features. The "hard-up looking sowl" (and good reason had he to look hard up) was *only* the proprietor of the colliery!

## THE THREE THOUGHTS OF A MAID.

"Weel, aunty, what is your thochts about marryin'?" said a young lassie of seventeen one day to a decent spinster, who had reached the shady side of life without committing matrimony.

"Deed, lassie," frankly replied her relative, "I hae had but three thochts about it a' my days, an' the last is like to be the langest. First when I was young, like yoursel', I thoct, 'Wha'll I tak?' then, as time began to wear by I began to think, 'Wha'll I get?' an' after I got my leg broken wi' that whumel oot o' Saunders M'Dronthie's cart, my thoct syne was, 'Wha'll tak me?' and I doot I'll hae to think the same thoct till I gang to my grave, unless something happens mair by ordinar."

## A LEG OF A WELSH RABBIT.

A Campbeltown distiller, on a journey with a friend in England, requiring some refreshment, entered an inn. His friend ordered two bottles of stout, and two



Welsh rabbits. The distiller, alarmed at the magnitude of an order for, as he supposed, two quadrupeds, hastily exclaimed—

“Oh, friend, that’s ower much; only a leg for me, only a leg for me!”

#### A CURIOUS CATALOGUE.

In the Catalogue of the Society of Writers to Her Majesty’s Signet, in Edinburgh, published some years ago, we find that that numerous and learned body can boast of comprising in its ranks many persons bearing the most singular names, and which, whether taken in connection or contrast, must suggest to the reader ideas very appropriate as well as humorous. Thus: Law, Manilaws, and a Chancellor; a Hall and a Booth; a Dickie without a Coach; a Foreman, a Hyndman, and a Hardyman; a Pot and a Kettle; a Dow, a Burd, and a Singer; a Patrick and a Blackie; a Swan, a Martin, and a Goldie; an Auld, an Elder, two Youngs, and a Young-son; Scotland, three Scotts, a Welsh, a Fleming, and a French; two Walkers, a pair of Trotters, and a pair of Pattens; a Jollie and a Wight; a Hawthorn, a Rose, and a Berry; two Burns, a Burnside, and a Fisher; a Molle and three Tods; a Kirk, a Lang, and a Small; a More and a Longmore; a Christian and a Paul; a Baird, a Cox, and a Combe; a Ferrier, two Cheynes, with Ivory and Steele; a Lyon and a Fox; a Bairnsfather, a Child, and a pair o’ Tawse; a Baxter, two Cooks, and a M’Cook; a Mac-lean and a Mac-a-ra; a Bayne and two Hornes; Cairns, three Hills, two Craigs, and a Glen, with a Shepherd and Crooks; Sands, Sandy, and Sandilands; Bridges and a Ferrie; two Gardners and two Macbeans, with Hay and Peat; a Webster, a Taylor, and a Skinner; a Hunt, a Trail, and several Hunters; a Dun, a Grey, a

Black, a Reid, and a number of Browns; two Woods, a Blackwood, a Woodman, a Forrester, and a Parker; a Milne, two Millers, a Tennent, and one Clerk; two Bells, and a host of Camp-bells; two Wrights and a Cooper; a Turner and four Smiths; two Mercers and a Glover; two Darlings and a L’Amy; Gentle and Manners; an Usher and a Grieve; Dudgeon, a MacKnight, and a Brand; Hopes, but no Fears; a Hector, a Macduff, and a Cannan; a Wyld and a Bogle; Yule; a Glass and Reddie; Adam and Daniel; a Storie and a Rymer; a Wordsworth, a Newton, and a Hogarth; a Bruce and a Wallace; a Nelson and a Howe; Rob Roy and the Baillie.—*W. Balfour, W.S.*

#### THE “MILLAR” AND HIS MEN.

Will Millar and twa o’ his men were makin’ some repairs about a kintra hoose. They were to be fed while at the job. The first mornin’ they had plenty o’ whey porridge, an’ whey to them. Will invited his lads to tak a drink o’ the whey, and did so himsel’. The gudewife thinkin’ that they were fond o’it, said—

“Noo, lads, ye’ll get plenty mair whey.”

“Na, na,” quo’ Will, “ye needna rob the swine to obleege us. Just bring a soop o’ milk.”

#### CONFLICT OF WITS.

Dr Chalmers, in a letter to his daughter Fanny, gives her details of his encounter with a London hairdresser, June 26, 1833:—

“Got a hairdresser to clip me—a great humorist: he undertook, at the commencement of the operation, to make me look forty years younger, by cutting out every white hair, and leaving all the black ones. There was a very bright

coruscation of clever sayings that passed between us while the process was going on. I complimented his profession, and told him that he had the special advantage that his crop grew in all weathers, and that while I had heard all over the provinces the heavy complaints of a bad hay-harvest, his haymaking in the metropolis went on pleasantly and prosperously all the year round. He was particularly pleased with the homage I rendered to his peculiar vocation, and assured me, after he had performed his work, that he had at least made me thirty years younger. I told him how delighted my wife would be with the news of this wondrous transformation, and gave him half-a-crown, observing that it was little enough for having turned me into a youthful Adonis. We parted in a roar of laughter, and great mutual satisfaction with each other."

#### A CHANGE OF SIGN.

A respectable apothecary named Fife had a shop in the Trongate of Glasgow (when Campbell the poet, at the age of seventeen, was attending the university of that city in 1795), with this notice in his window, printed in large letters, "Ears pierced by A. Fife;" meaning the operation to which young ladies submit for the sake of wearing earrings. Mr Fife's next door neighbour was a citizen of the name of Drum, a spirit dealer, whose windows exhibited various samples of the liquors which he sold. The worthy shopkeepers having become alienated by jealousy in politics, Thomas Campbell and two college chums fell upon the following expedient for reconciling them: During the darkness of night, long before the streets of Glasgow were lighted with gas, Campbell and his two associates having procured a long fir-deal, had it extended from window to window of the two contiguous shops, with

this inscription from *Othello*, which it fell to the youthful poet, as his share of the practical joke, to paint in flaming capitals—

"The spirit-stirring drum; the ear-piercing fife."

#### "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING."

A few years ago, while the *Cygnets* steamer was sailing down Lochlochie, a soldier's wife on board was delivered of twins. What rendered the circumstance remarkable, was the fact that a few years previous, at the same place, in the same steamer, under the same captain—Captain Campbell—a circumstance precisely similar had occurred. On the first of these occasions, the mother was a Mrs Campbell, and it was thought an extraordinary coincidence, that at the very time of her delivery a piper on board was playing vigorously, "The Campbells are coming!" quite ignorant, of course, of the additional little passengers that had made their appearance.

#### "IF A' TALES BE TRUE," ETC.

The Laird of Fawdonside, an estate immediately above Abbotsford, on the course of the Tweed, was one night riding home in a state of intoxication from market, when, just as he reached a place about half a mile from his own house, he encountered that celebrated and very generally reprobated character, the devil. Fully aware of the danger of his situation, the laird thought he would give his "holiness" the cut celestial and pass on. But Satan was not an acquaintance to be shaken off so easily; he fairly intercepted the laird as he was about to give him the go-by; and although Fawdonside attempted then to take a more desperate course and rush past, he found himself, notwithstanding



ing all his exertions, obliged' at last to come to a quiet *tête-à-tête* with his enemy. The conversation which ensued ended in a proposal on the part of the devil, that Fawdonside should purchase a right of passage, by agreeing to deliver up to him whatever living thing he should first meet as he approached his home.

The laird calling to mind that a favourite greyhound was in the habit of coming out of the house to meet him on similar occasions, consented to the proposal, though not without some compunctious qualms in regard to the faithful and beloved creature which he was thus consigning to destruction. Chance determined that his feelings of regret should be exercised on a much worthier object. As in the somewhat similar case of Jephthah, his daughter, a child of ten years, was the first person whom he met. No words could express the horror of the poor laird as the fiend, who had dogged him, appeared at his back to claim his victim. He could only plead a respite. After much entreaty, "the enemy" consented to allow him a few days to take leave of the child. It being then settled that the rendition should be made next Thursday at Galashiels kirk, satan disappeared.

Before the appointed day, Fawdonside had consulted the clergyman of the parish as to what he should do under such circumstances. The minister, who happened to have some knowledge of diablerie, proposed a scheme, by which, with the assistance of his brethren, he hoped to counteract the designs of the Evil One. On the day appointed, the child was brought to Galashiels kirk, where, being placed at the sacramental table, it was "hedged" round, if not with "divinity," at least with a dozen able expounders of it; and such a praying and preaching commenced as had never before shaken the walls of that place of worship. When satan at

last appeared, the minister of the parish entered into a warm expostulation with him on the subject of his unreasonable bargain with Fawdonside; and although the Tartarean monarch expressed no little vexation and rage at being balked in his demand, he was soon brought to reason. In the end, he agreed to accept a little dog in lieu of the child; which creature being immediately thrown to him, he vanished through the roof, taking a considerable part of it with him, and leaving behind him, to use the words of old Aubrey, "a marvellous perfume of sulphur!"—*R. Chambers.*

#### ST FILLAN.

St Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, and other places in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenorchy, A.D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife.—*Mitchell.*

#### SYSTEMATIC ADULTERATION.

"Gudesake, man," said a douce housewife to an honest dairyman, "what's this ye're doin' till your milk noo? The last I got frae ye there was about a third o't water."

"There ye're wrang, Mrs MacLaren," said the man; "it maun hae been some ither body's milk ye got last time; mine's aye half-an-half!"

## SOLDIERS' WIVES.

When the 93d regiment was at Balaklava, the odd appearance of the kilt attracted the attention of the Russians who came into the camp with a flag of truce, and one of the officers inquired—

“What sort of soldiers were those in the petticoats?”

The reply given by a waggish officer was humorous enough.

“These,” said he, “are the wives of the soldiers who ride on the grey horses,” alluding to the Scots Greys.

## JAMES I. AND VI.

James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland was no way deficient in sense or knowledge, but rather wanting in the more important element of steadiness or vigour of mind. It is said the monarch was himself aware of this defect, and heard of a preacher who was singularly happy in his choice of texts. The king appointed him to preach before him, that he might put his abilities to the test. The preacher, with the utmost gravity, gave out the text in the following words:—*James first and sixth*, in the latter part of the verse, “He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.”

“He is at me already!” said the king.

## A SILENT JUDGE.

Sir William Grant, the master of the rolls, was a native of Banffshire, and for a considerable time represented that county in Parliament. Though a most forcible and easy speaker, scarcely inferior to any of his time, still at the bar or in parliament he was a remarkably silent man. He was the most

patient of judges. The story is well known of his hearing an elaborate and lengthened argument, for two days, on the meaning of an act of parliament; and when the counsel finished, simply saying—

“Gentlemen, the Act on which the pleading has been founded is repealed.”

On one of his visits to Banff he rode out a few miles into the country, accompanied by some friends. The only observation that escaped from him was in passing a field of peas—

“Very fine peas.”

Next day he rode out with the same cortege, and was equally silent; but, on passing the same spot, he muttered—

“And very finely podded too!”

## THE GOODMAN'S CROFT.

In former ages the farmers were accustomed to leave a small portion of their land untilled and uncroft year after year. It was supposed to be dedicated to Satan, and was usually called the “Goodman's Croft.” In 1594, the ministers and elders exerted themselves, and succeeded in putting an end to this superstitious practice.

## BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

The Rev. Mr Bennet, minister of Polmont, near Falkirk, distinguished himself by his activity in the cause of the reigning prince in 1745. His knowledge of the country and the influence which he deservedly possessed among all ranks of people, were found extremely useful in procuring forage and other accommodations to the troops, and even intelligence to their leaders, when they lay at Falkirk. The Highlanders were collected in force at the Torwood, in the immediate neighbourhood, and were known to be



preparing for battle. Mr Bennet having observed that General Hawley was but too little sensible of the impending danger, reminded him, by quoting passages from the classics, of the imprudence of too much despising an enemy. Hawley replied that certainly such a naked rabble would never dare to attack his veterans, who had stood the brunt of Fontenoy.

"You are quite mistaken," said Mr Bennet, "that rabble, as you call them, will dare to attack your veterans, or any veterans in Europe. They are brave even to rashness, and are engaged in a cause in which they have no alternative but to conquer or die; and no precaution against them ought to be neglected."

But the general could only be convinced by the gleaming broadswords of the Highlanders who, in a day or two, not only attacked but utterly routed his veterans. Their behaviour, it was observed, was inferior to that of the Glasgow militia, a body of men hastily collected, and so ill disciplined, that it was jocularly said, that their officers were obliged to tie a straw wisp round their right feet, and to give the word, "Wheel to, or from the wisp." Those men not only fired some successful well-timed volleys, but stood their ground till ordered to retreat, while the regulars made haste to retreat, without any orders at all.

#### A COVENANTER'S TOMBSTONE.

*Upon the grave-stone of Thomas Brown, James Wood, Andrew Sword, John Waddel, and John Clyd, who suffered martyrdom at Magus-Muir, November 25th, 1679, and lie buried in a cornfield near Magus-Muir, there is this inscription:—*

'Cause we at Bothwell did appear,  
Perjurious oaths refus'd to swear,  
'Cause we Christ's cause would not condemn,  
We wore senten'c'd to death by men.

Who rag'd against us in such fury,  
Our dead bodies they did not bury  
But up on poles did hing us high,  
Triumphs of Babel's victory.  
Our lives we feared not to the death,  
But constant prov'd to the last breath.

When the grave-stone was set up in October 1728, the chains were tak'n out of their graves, and some of their bones and clothes were found unconsumed, forty-nine years after their death.

#### MAKING USE OF MELCHISEDEC.

While Dr Chalmers was busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered who at once propitiated him under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he had called under great distress of mind.

"Sit down, sir; be good enough to be seated!" said Dr Chalmers, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing-table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the divine origin of the Christian religion, and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave, among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchisedec being without father and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end—

"Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way!"

At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street-door, these words escaping him, among others:—

"Not a penny, sir—not a penny!  
It's too bad—it's too bad! And to

haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedec!"

#### THEORY AND PRACTICE.

In the introduction to one of his novels, Sir Walter Scott states that the question was once proposed, Why when a live fish was placed in a tub already quite full of water, none of the liquid overflowed the edges? An apparently scientific cause was discovered; but, just as the discoverer was in the plenitude of his triumph, a sceptical wretch questioned the fact itself. The fish and the tub were brought into court accordingly, and the water *did* overflow, damping alike the shoes of the experimentalists and the hopes of the *a priori* reasoner.

#### TROUSSEAUX AND TROUSERS.

An old south country farmer was reading to his wife an account of the marriage of one of her Majesty's daughters, and, *inter alia*, he began to narrate the details of the bride's *trousseau*.

"Dear me, John," said the wife, "she surely maun hae made up her mind to wear them a' her life, whan she had them made aforehand!"

In the goodwife's simple mind trousseaux and trousers were one and the same thing!

"SCOTS WHA HAE WI' SERPENTS  
FOCHT!"

One afternoon during fair time, a farmer in Strathearn having got his friend the smith to sharpen his axe, set off to a neighbouring town to get it shafted. Being told that a menagerie was then exhibiting, and knowing that he had time to pay it a visit, he went to see it,

and had just satisfied his curiosity as the carpenter had finished his job. The evening being cold, the two friends of a necessity must needs have a gill, and they did not finish with one. What between toddy and a long talk about the boa-constrictors he had seen, the farmer appeared a little elevated at parting. With axe on shoulder he left the town, ruminating as he best could on the wonders he had seen. He had not proceeded far, however, when a sudden breeze came hissing through the hedge behind; and turning round, he perceived with horror, by the faint glimmering of the new moon, a huge boa-constrictor rolling in enormous folds towards him. To fly was madness—death was certain—but to die without a struggle was unmanly; so hastily drawing his breath, he made three desperate strides back, and by a well-aimed blow with his axe fortunately cut the monster in two. But before he could do more, each half of the animal suddenly became instinct with life, and both head and tail began to move as vivaciously as before. Again and again the axe came down with dreadful execution; but ply it as he might, and cut it into as many fragments as he chose, every fragment showed vitality and a disposition to sting if they had had the fangs to do so. Feeling that he had "scotched the snake," but despairing of killing it effectually, the farmer at last shouldered his axe and ran for his life.

"Gude guide us, John, what's made you so late?" cried his better-half, as he entered the door.

"I've killed a serpent, and saved the whole country side," replied the farmer, with a look of conscious heroism.

"Ah, John, it's no the auld serpent ye've killed, I doot, else ye wadna hae been tempted to drink sae muckle whisky."

"It was a show serpent, broke out o' a caravan; a boy-contractor, as they ca't," replied John, with warmth. "Gang



to the milestane, an' ye'll see it as deed as a herrin'."

John's two sons, learning the exact locality of the fearful conflict, and knowing their father's courage, hastened off to witness the trophies of his prowess; when they found, not a boa-constrictor, but a great long straw rope cut into innumerable pieces, each piece, as it was severed from the other, having been slowly but surely moved about by the force of the wind!—*Perthshire Advertiser.*

#### A HIGHLAND "NATURAL."

A correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* lately wrote (1874):—

There is at this moment sitting in our kitchen a poor, half-witted natural, "Lachlan Gorach," from Mull, whose conversation is always garnished with "Davie Gellatly" like snatches of quaint song. Sometimes the rhyme is in English, and sometimes in Gaelic, and frequently has no connection whatever with what may be the immediate subject of conversation. On going up to have a crack with him a few moments ago—for poor Lachlan is, in a way, a great favourite of ours—he returned our friendly greeting of, "Well, how are you, Lachlan?" with a hearty shake of the hand and a bow, that, for close proximity of forehead to the ground and duration, might have graced the Court of Louis XIV., and immediately on regaining the erect position, struck, to an air that was probably original, into the following verse, which we took down on the spot:—

"First the heel and then the toe,  
That's the way the polka goes;  
First the toe and then the heel,  
That's the way to dance a reel;  
Quick about and then away,  
Lightly dance the glad strathspey.  
Jump a jump, and jump it big,  
That's the way to dance a jig;

Slowly, smiling as in France,  
Follow through the country dance.  
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning."

It was very amusing. Where he picked up the uncouth rhyme we do not know, and it was bootless to inquire. Having ordered him some dinner, we bade him good-bye, when we caught hold of the following verse of Lachlan's favourite ditties as we disappeared:—

"Kilt your coaties, bonnie lassie,  
As you wade the burnie through;  
Or your mother will be angry  
If you wet your coaties now."

Poor Lachlan, always cheerful and perfectly harmless, is a welcome guest at every fireside throughout the many districts which he periodically peregrinates.

#### "WRANG END UP."

Peter Jamieson, an honest Linlithgowshire farmer, having stayed at Falkirk Tryst one day, or rather night, his wife came to the conclusion that he had got himself "fou," as was not unfrequently his wont, and despatched Will Grierson, a serving-man, to assist her husband home. Off Will set, and on arriving at the place, found, sure enough, his master *bacchi plenus*, and he was ordered into the kitchen until the latter was ready to go. A lot of Will's cronies were there also, and in a very short space of time he became as inebriated as his master; and when the time to go arrived, they were both as "fou as fiddlers." The horses were brought out, and Will essayed to place Mr Jamieson on his; but in his excess of zeal, he threw him fairly over, head foremost, to the other side. Hastening round to repair the injury, Will caught hold of his master's feet, and tugging and pulling at them, he said—

"Hoots, toots, maister, what kind o'

way's that to gang on a horse? Find your feet, maister, find your feet, and get on again."

The master, as soon as Will had done speaking, or rather as soon as he was able to speak himself, exclaimed—

"It's a' right, Will; but hoo can I find my feet when ye've got me wrang end up?"

Will then discovered that his master was inverted, but not before he had nearly succeeded in dislocating his neck.

#### THE OTHER DAVID.

Many years since an old lady, more noted for her piety than her learning, left her native Highland hills for a first and short visit to Edinburgh. While there, she was taken to see the various public places of interest, and among the rest Holyrood Palace and the Chapel Royal. After having shown her and her friends some of the resting-places of the Scottish kings, the guide at length stopped at a particular tomb, and in a more than ordinary impressive manner remarked, "And this is the tomb of King David;" on hearing which announcement, the good old woman became greatly excited. Clasping her hands, and casting her eyes heavenwards, she gasped out, in wondering accents—

"Eh, sir, d'ye tell me that? Eh, did I ever think my auld een would see sic a glorious sight? An' is it really here whaur the great Psalmist rests?"

This rather ludicrous mistake caused much amusement to the bystanders, as well as the astonished official, who little dreamt that his eloquence would have had such a startling effect.

#### EASILY UNDERSTOOD.

"Sir," said an old woman to her minister, "I dinna ken a part of your sermon yesterday."

"Indeed! What was it?"

"You said the apostle used the figure of circumlocution; and I dinna ken what it means."

"Is that all?" said the minister. "It's very plain. The figure of circumlocution is merely a periphrastic mode of diction."

"Oh! oh! is that a' that it means?" said the good woman. "What a pair fool I maun hae been not to understand that!"

#### A CATASTROPHE AVOIDED.

A Scottish lady, ninety-six years of age, who one day fell downstairs, on being told by her medical advisers that her arm was only bruised, not broken, said—

"Oh, I am so glad of that, for what a terrible thing it would have been for a pair auld wife like me to have broken my arm, and be a cripple for life!"

#### UNBUTTONING A RIVAL.

When Scott was a pupil at the High School of Edinburgh, he used to make a brighter figure in the yard than in the class. In the latter he once accomplished an upward movement by the following means, which he related to Samuel Rogers:—

"There was," says Scott, "a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that when a question was asked him he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it suc-



ceeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought at once for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it : it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place ; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him ; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation, but it ended simply in good resolutions as usual, accompanied by nothing else."

#### FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURS.

At Fort-William, which is not above three or four and twenty miles westward of Fort-Augustus, you may hear the people talk as familiarly of a shower (as they call it) of nine or ten weeks, as they would do of anything else that was not out of the ordinary course ; but the clouds that are brought over-sea by the westerly winds, are there attracted and broken by the exceedingly high mountains, and mostly exhausted before they reach the middle of the Highlands at Fort-Augustus ; and nothing has been more common with persons at Inverness, on the east coast, than to ride or walk to recreate themselves in sunshine, when they may clearly see through the opening, for weeks together, the west side of the island involved in thick clouds. This is often the occasion of a *good-natured* triumph with them to observe what a *pickle* their opposite neighbours are in.

#### MINES AND MINES.

In a battle in India, one of the soldiers saying something of one of the enemy's *mines*, General Meadows, who was near at hand, cried out—

"To be sure there is a *mine*, but it is a *mine of gold*."

This produced the proper effect, and the valour of the Highlanders was doubly stimulated.

#### BEN LOMOND AS A BAROMETER.

Ben Lomond answers another end in addition to administering food to the natural historian, and gratifying the taste of the lover of sublime scenery. To the inhabitants of the adjacent valleys it serves as a *barometer*, and a very good one it proves. Whenever the air is highly transparent, and the mountain looms on the eye, and is seemingly magnified in its dimensions, rain is confidently predicted. Again, on the contrary, when the atmosphere is hazy, and the form or outline of the mountain is but dimly perceptible, or appearing at a greater distance than usual, it is common to anticipate fair weather.

UPON A STONE IN THE CHURCHYARD OF STRATOUN, ON THE BODY OF THOMAS M'HAFIE, WHO WAS TAKEN OUT OF HIS BED, BEING SICK OF A FEVER, AND SHOT BY CAPTAIN BRUCE IN THAT PARISH, 1685.

Tho' I was sick, and like to die,  
Yet bloody Bruce did murder me :  
Because I adhered in my station,  
To our covenanted reformation.  
My blood for vengeance yet doth call,  
Upon Zion's haters all.

#### "A HEART OF OAK."

A Paisley printer, afflicted with the "last infirmity of noble minds," forsook his trade to share in the glories of Nelson. Soon after he was afloat, he was one black, stormy night ordered aloft. The poor fellow, instead of at once

throwing himself into the shrouds, looked up in wild dismay to the officer, and exclaimed—

“Od, man, it wad be a tempting o’ Providence to gang up there on sic a night.”

#### PREPARING FOR INVASION.

An Aberdeenshire wight astonished his fellow-workmen, one morning, by appearing amongst them with an enormous broadsword on his back, which had been rusting on the wall since the Rebellion. He was asked what was the matter.

“Oh!” replied the honest Gael, “hiv ye no heard o’ the great war? Wha wid ken but the Russians may be a’ in ower the broom knowe in a crack? so I fush my sword to gae them a fleg!”

#### BEARDS AND BAREFACES.

A certain Glasgow editor, who was probably interested in promoting the popularity of bushy faces among the ladies, used to tell a story of a young lady and a barefaced beau. The latter had stolen a kiss, and was about to repeat the felony, when the damsel, as if to throw out a challenge to the hirsute heroes in company, said—

“Gae wa’ wi’ your skim-milk face; it’s as cauld’s a cabbage blade on a dewy mornin’!”

The bearded “blades” surely took the hint!

#### CHURCH ATTRACTION.

A minister having occasion to visit one of his parishioners in the way of condolence regarding her husband, who, the worthy goodwife had too good cause to suppose was in a back-

sliding condition, remarked, after some conversation—

“Well, Janet, could you think of any plan we could fall on to induce Andrew to attend the church again?”

“Aweel,” replied Janet, after a pause, “I dinna ken o’ ony, sir, unless you would set down half a mutchkin o’ whisky and a pipe in the end of the seat.”

#### HIGHLANDERS AT FAULT.

Lord Kames and the Board of Annexed Estates, after 1763, at the peace, built houses, and distributed lands to disbanded soldiers.

“A very few turned out to be industrious and thriving tenants. There were chiefs, such as had risen by their merit to the rank of sergeants, and had acquired habits of industry and activity. The rest, accustomed to idleness and change of place, deserted their farms, and became vagabonds, thieves, and beggars.”

#### MISTAKING AN ECHO.

There is an echo at St Vigean’s Church, within a mile, or thereabouts, of Aberbrothick, which repeats distinctly every word of a moderate sentence. A gentleman lately happened to be angry with his servant while he was at the point where the echo is best heard, fell a scolding him, and heard every word distinctly repeated in his own tone of voice; which, being in the dark, he thought repeated by his own servant. The gentleman became extremely angry, still continuing his abusive language, under the idea that his servant was mimicking him, but on the servant coming up to him, he discovered his mistake, and, instead of being angry, he could not help laughing.



## SEA-FIRE.

The phenomenon called by sailors "sea-fire," is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations are perpetually bursting upon the sides of the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness. These phosphoric appearances, concerning the origin of which naturalists are not agreed in opinion, seem to be called into action by the rapid motion of the ship through the water, and are probably owing to the water being saturated with fish-spawn or other animal substances.—*Martin.*

## BURNS AS A THEOLOGIAN.

Burns lived five months in an old house which was occupied by a man named David Cullie or Kelly. The poet sometimes read books not always seen in people's hands on Sunday. Mr K. checked him for this, when the bard laughingly replied—

"You'll not think me so good a man as Nancy Kelly is a woman?"

"Indeed, no."

"Then I'll tell you what happened this morning. When I took a walk by the banks of the Nith, I heard Nancy Kelly praying long before I came till her. I walked on, and before I returned I saw her helping herself to an armful of my fitches." The parties kept a cow. . . . On one occasion, Nance and the bard were sitting in the "spence," when the former turned the conversation on her favourite topic, religion. Burns sympathised with the matron, and quoted so much Scripture that she was fairly astonished. When she went home, she said to her husband, "Oh, David, how they have wranged that man; for I think he has mair o' the

Bible aff his tongue than Mr Inglis himsel'." [Mr Inglis was the anti-burgher minister.] Burns enjoyed the compliment; and almost the first thing he communicated to his wife on her arrival was the lift he had got from auld Nance.

## JOCK GRAY.

Jock Gray was one day amusing a female group in a minister's kitchen with imitations of neighbouring pastors, when the lady of the house made bold to request a specimen of her own husband—

"Oh, then," said Jock, "you must bring me some sheets o' paper!"

The worthy clergyman was somewhat unpopular in consequence of his *reading* all his sermons.

## A CANDID OPINION.

Andrew Gemmel went to visit one of his patrons, a poor laird, who had erected an expensive and fantastic mansion, of which he was very proud, but which ill corresponded with his rank or his resources. The beggar was standing leaning over his pike-staff, and looking very attentively at the edifice, when the laird came forth and accosted him—

"Well, Andrew, you're admiring our handiwork here?"

"Atweel am I, sir."

"And what think ye o't, Andrew?"

"I just think ye hae thrown awa' twa bonny estates, and built a *gowk's nest* wi' what ye hae gotten for them."

## QUITE CONVINCED.

At a ploughing match recently held on the banks of the Spey, some amusement was caused by the *naïve* manner in

which a bonnie lassie expressed her participation in feminine appreciation of success. One ploughman made very good work, which was greatly praised by the judges in the hearing of his sweetheart. This so highly pleased her that she exclaimed in the fulness of her heart—

“Weel done, Jock. After what’s been said aboot ye the day, an’ the gran’ wark ye’ve done, I’ll no stick out ony langer, but gie up my place, an’ ye can hae me at the term.”

Jock smiled and nodded consent.

#### PAYING A DEBT.

On the occasion of an excursion with a friend to Dumfriesshire and Galloway, Sir Walter Scott’s money happened to run out, and he borrowed from his companion a pound-note at Tinwald Manse, and two pounds at the inn of Beattock Bridge. The payment of the loan became the subject of a bit of pleasantry. Returning home, he enclosed three pounds to his friend, with the following lines :—

“One at Tinwald Manse, and two at Beattock  
Brig,  
That makes three, if Cocker’s worth a fig;  
Borrow while you may, pay when you can,  
And at the last you’ll die an honest man.”

—*W. Chambers.*

#### A SHREWD GAOLER.

Before the adoption of the police act in Airdrie, a worthy named Geordie G— had the surveillance of the town. A drunken, noisy Irishman was lodged in a cell, and he caused an “awful row” by kicking at the cell-door with his heavy boots. Geordie went to the cell, and opening the door a little said—

“Man, ye nicht put aff yer buits, an’ I’ll gie them a bit rub, so that ye’ll be

respectable like afore the bailie in the mornin’.”

The prisoner complied with his request, and saw his mistake only when the door was closed upon him, Geordie crying out—

“Ye can kick as lang as ye like noo.”

#### A SCOTTISH CHARTIST.

George Whytock, tailor, died at his house in High Street, Perth, in 1874. He was a “character,” and well known for the extreme opinions he held on political matters. When still a young man he entered heart and soul into the Chartist movement, and had the privilege, on behalf of the Chartists of Perth, of presenting Mr Fergus O’Connor, on the South Inch, after addressing the citizens of Perth on the “five points,” with a Highland bonnet and a bunch of heather. Whytock on this to him memorable occasion, delivered a pithy address, and concluded with wishing that Mr O’Connor might be instrumental in procuring for the people “a big loaf and a cheap loaf.” It has been said that “time mellows ideas as it mellows wine.” So it was with Whytock; for though he boasted to the end of his life that he was a disciple of Rousseau, yet as age advanced his ideas as to the renovation of society became more rational than in youth, and he became at last an ardent admirer of Mr Gladstone. Perhaps there have been few working men so well read in English literature as the deceased was. He was well acquainted with our poets from Shakspeare down to Tennyson, and he frequently quoted from memory passages from his favourite works.

#### THE SEA SERPENT IN SCOTLAND.

In the *Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland*, 1513-1575, as issued by the



“Bannatyne Club” in 1833, it is recorded that—“In this tyme (1570) thair wes ane monstros fische sene in Lochsyne, havand greit ene in the heid thairof, and at sumtymes wald stand abone the watter as heich as the mast of a schippe; and the said haid vpon the heid thairof [two crounis, the ane?] abone litill, and the doun maist croun meikill; quhilck wes reportit be wyse men that the same wes ane signe, and takning of ane suddane alteration within this realme.”

#### “SPEIRING THE GUIDWULL.”

It might be invidious were I to hazard a conjecture as to the manner in which young men of the present day would acquit themselves in the ordeal imposed upon their forefathers, about a century ago; for in their times when a young man had sped in his wooing, although his suit was known, and agreeable to the parents, still there remained an indispensable ceremony to be observed by him a few days before the banns were proclaimed. This was when the intended son-in-law, accompanied by a friend, went to the residence of the girl's parents, and formally announcing his honourable intentions, sought their consent to his union with their daughter. This was called “speiring the guidwull.” When this was accorded, and mutual congratulations and kind wishes had been exchanged, the young woman, who had saved her blushes by retiring upon the appearance of her suitor, was called upon to set supper for him and the family. When this was finished, and the hour of rest at hand, the father rose, and taking down “the big ha’ Bible, ance his father’s pride,” laid it upon the young man’s knees, with the words, “Wull ye mak exercise?” when he, knowing his duty and the inviolability of the custom, laying “his bonnet reverently aside,” proceeded, with

modest diffidence and downcast eyes, to conduct, with his best ability, the several parts of family worship; the regular performance of this duty, with a proper sense of its use and importance, and a competent utterance in prayer being justly considered by the parents as the best guarantee for their daughter’s future happiness. Improvident marriages were rare in those days. In the country no young woman, however humble her station, would have thought of changing her name till she could change the sheets and blankets upon the bridal bed, and at the same time be in possession of a decent quantity of wearing apparel all of her own spinning, with a clothes-press to contain them; and bringing with her to her future home the indispensable spinning-wheel and reel, the only implement of indoor female industry then in general use; and it was the pride of the young housewife to set up and ply her wheel in good earnest, for the laudable purpose of getting up a good stock of yarn and linen cloth to be made up into shirts for her husband’s wear, before her household cares grew upon her hands with the probable increase of her family.—*Janet Hamilton.*

#### IRISH RECKONING.

A married lady with a family, who lived in a villa in the environs of Ayr, was asked why she was at the expense of keeping a cow, seeing that it would surely be much cheaper to buy milk for the household.

“Well,” said she in reply, “we keep the cow because we have a field quite at hand, which answers very nicely.”

“But,” was the rejoinder, “why do you rent the field?”

The answer was—

“Because, you know, we have got the cow!”

A similar instance occurred at Peebles.

A lady in reduced circumstances mentioned to a friend that she had just arranged to rent a house belonging to a baker in that town. The friend was somewhat surprised at the announcement, considering the lady's circumstances, and asked if the expense would not be too much for her.

"Oh, not at all," was the answer; "we'll take bread for the rent!"

#### TENANT AND LANDLORD.

A carter who lives on the north side of Garvock, was one day driving his cart over the hill, when he met the laird on horseback, who very rudely accosted him with, "Take the half of the road, Jock Brown;" to which the independent carter replied, as sharp as he had been commanded—

"Stop till I wun by, an' ye'll get it a', Laird Lauder!"

#### DEATH OF ANDREW GEMMEL.

March 31st, 1794, died at Roxburgh-Newton, in Roxburghshire, aged 105, Andrew Gemmel, the most memorable certainly of the superior class of beggars of the last age, and, according to Scott's own confession, the prototype of the fictitious Edie Ochiltree. This man had been a dragoon in the wars of Anne and the two first Georges, but for the last forty-nine years of his life he subsisted solely as a beggar. He ranged over the whole of the south of Scotland, but particularly in the counties of Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles, visiting a certain series of houses once or twice every year, and at most of them received rather as an old acquaintance of the family than as a mendicant. He is thus described by Scott himself, in the notes appended to the Waverley

Novels:—"The author has in his youth repeatedly seen and conversed with Andrew, but cannot recollect whether he held the rank of blue-gown. He was a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldierlike or military manner and address. His features were intelligent, with a powerful expression of sarcasm. His motions were always so graceful, that he might almost have been suspected of having studied them; for he might, on any occasion, have served as a model for an artist, so remarkably striking were his ordinary attitudes. Andrew Gemmel had little of the cant of his calling; his wants were food and shelter, or a trifle of money, which he always claimed, and seemed to receive, as his due. He sang a good song, told a good story, and could crack a severe jest with all the acumen of Shakspeare's jesters, though without using, like them, the cloak of insanity. It was some fear of Andrew's satire, as much as a feeling of kindness or charity, which secured him the general good reception which he enjoyed everywhere. In fact, a jest of Andrew Gemmel, especially at the expense of a person of consequence, flew round the circle which he frequented, as surely as the bon-mot of a man of established character for wit glides through the fashionable world. Many of his good things are held in remembrance, but are generally too local and personal to be introduced here. Andrew had a character peculiar to himself among his tribe, for aught I ever heard. He was ready and willing to play at cards or dice with any one who desired such amusement. This was more in the character of the Irish itinerant gambler, called in that country a *carrow*, than of the Scottish beggar. But the late Rev. Dr Robert Douglas, minister of Galashiels, assured the author, that the last time he saw Andrew Gemmel, he was engaged in a game at brag with a gentleman of fortune, distinction,



and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made at an open window of the chateau, the laird sitting on his chair in the inside, the beggar on a stool in the yard, and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The author expressing some surprise, Dr Douglas observed, that the laird was no doubt a humorist or an original; but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gemmel. This singular mendicant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person as would have been thought the value of his life among modern foot-pads. . . . The following account of Andrew's death is from the pen of a lady of his acquaintance, who was a witness of the circumstances:—

“He came to Newton in a very weakly condition, being, according to his own account, 105 years of age. The conduct of some of the country folks towards poor Andrew in his declining state, was not what it should have been: probably most of his old patrons had died out, and their more genteel descendants disliked to be fashed and burdened with a dying beggar; so every one handed him over to his next neighbour, and he was hurried from Selkirk to Newton in three days, a distance of sixteen miles. He was brought in a cart and laid down at Mr R——'s byre-door, but we never knew by whom. He was taken in, and laid as usual on his truss of straw. When we spoke of making up a bed for him, he got into a rage, and swore (as well as he was able to speak), ‘That many a clever fellow had died in the field with his hair frozen to the ground; and would he submit to die on any of our beds?’ He did not refuse a little whisky, however, now and then: for it was but cold, in the spring, lying in an outhouse among straw. A friend who was along

with me urged him to tell what cash he had about him. ‘as you know,’ said she, ‘it has always been reported that you have money.’ Andrew replied with a look of derision, ‘Bow, wow, wow, woman! wamen folk are aye fashin’ theirsels about what they hae nae business wi’.’ He at length told us he had changed a note at Selkirk, and paid six shillings for a pair of shoes, which he had on him; but not a silver coin was found in all his duddy doublets—and many kind of odd-like pouch he had; in one of them was sixpence worth of halfpence, and two combs for his silver locks, which were beautiful. His set of teeth, which he had got in his 101st year, were very white. What was remarkable, notwithstanding all the rags he had flapping about him, he was particularly clean in his old halesome looking person. He at last allowed the servants to strip off his rags and lay him in a bed, which was made up for him in a cart, in the byre. After he was laid comfortably, he often prayed, and to good purpose; but if the servants did not feed him right (for he could not lift a spoon to his mouth for several days before his death), he would give them a passing ban. He lived nine days with us, and continued quite sensible till the hour of his decease. Mr R—— got him decently buried. Old Tammy Jack, with the mickle nose, got his shoes for digging his grave in Roxburgh kirkyard. Andrew was well known through all this country, and great part of Northumberland. I suppose he was originally from the west country, but cannot speak with certainty as to that; it was, however, commonly reported that he had a nephew or some other relation in the west, who possessed a farm which Andrew had stocked for him from the profits of his begging.”

Such was Andrew Gemmel, the representative of a class in Scottish society, now entirely passed away, probably never to reappear.

## SWEET REVENGE.

A comfortable old couple, who had never been in a railway train in all their lives before, took seats in one leaving Perth for Glasgow, for the purpose of visiting their son in the latter city. They became highly excited and interested at their rapid flight, and nothing would satisfy the old gentleman but that at every station he must needs get out to gaze around in admiration and wonder, to the evident alarm and uneasiness of his pouse Janet, who would not move from her seat. The train at length moved 'off, leaving the old fellow on the station platform gazing helplessly at the receding face of his wife, from whom he was now indeed parted by a power over which he had no control. When Janet saw her frantic guidman thus foolishly left behind, she reached her head out of the window, and, to the amusement of her fellow-travellers, exclaimed—

"There, noo, Saunders, ye've dune for yersel' at last, wi' yer thrawnness. Weel, weel," she continued, settling down in her seat, "I'm kinna glad o't tae, for he's aye been craikin' a' along, 'Jenny, haste ye here, an' haste ye there; ye'll be late for the kirk,' or 'ye'll no catch the train;' an' noo he's gane an' got left himsel', stuck up there like a stirk in a sta'. Od! I'm glad o't. It's a lesson he'll no forget in a hurry!"

## FORCING A BELIEF.

While a presbytery in one of the Border counties was one day examining a school in biblical knowledge, the master put the question to a young boy—

"Had God a beginning?"

"Yes," was the sturdy reply.

Again was the question put, "Had God a beginning?" which called forth the same answer. Down came the

tawse, and the query, slightly altered, was repeated—

"Had God a beginning noo?"

"Na," came loudly from the convinced and skirling youngster. — *Dr Wilson.*

## CATCHING A LAWYER.

"The man wants a border-warrant, I think; but they are only granted for debt—now he wants one to catch a lawyer."

"And what for no?" answered Peter Peebles, doggedly; "and what for no, I would be glad to ken? If a day's labourer refuse to work, ye'll grant a warrant to gar him do out his daurg—if a wench quean rin away from her hairst, ye'll send her back to her heuck again; if sae mickle as a collier or a salter make a moonlight flitting, ye will cleek him by the back-spaul in a minute o' time, and yet the damage canna amount to mair than a creefu' of coals, and a forpit or twa of saut; and here is a chiel taks leg from his engagement, and damages me to the tune of sax thousand puns sterling; that is three thousand that I should win, and three thousand mair that I am like to lose; and you, that ca' yourself a justice, canna help a poor man to catch the rinaway? A bonny like justice I am like to get amang ye!" — *Redgauntlet.*

## THE WIFE OUTWITTED.

Willie Turnbull and his wife used to sup their evening meal of brose out of one "cog," but the gudewife generally took care to place the lump of butter at one side of the dish, which she carefully turned to her own side of the table. One night, however, Mrs Turnbull inadvertently turned the "fat side" from her, and did not discover her



error till she was about to dip in her spoon. She could not, without exposing her selfishness, actually turn the bowl round before her husband, but the butter she must have, and in order to obtain it she resorted to artifice.

"Willie," said she, as if seized with a sudden inspiration, "isn't this a queer world? I'm tell't that it just turns round and round about, as I might tak this bowl and turn it round this way," and she prepared to suit the action to the word.

Willie, however, saw her object at a glance, and promptly stopped the practical illustration, saying—

"Ay, ay, Maggie, the world's queer enough, but just you let it stand still e'enow, and the brose bowl too!"

#### NO EYE LIKE THE MASTER'S EYE.

A small Lanarkshire laird was much respected by his neighbours, and was also very eccentric in his habits and conduct. No job, great or small, could be done to his satisfaction, unless he personally superintended it; and if he had occasion to "turn his back" even for a minute when work was going on, he was sure to see that something had gone wrong in the brief interval, and the labourers heard of it *instantly* and to some purpose.

Being seized with a serious illness, he despaired of his life, and caused his relatives to be summoned, in order that he might instruct them how to conduct his funeral.

After having, as the listeners thought, completed his order, and made all the necessary arrangements, he suddenly added, in a more than usually peevish tone—

"But what's the use o' me wastin' wund in telling ye what to dae? I ken weel enough that unless I'm at my ain funeral mysel', it'll no be richt carried through!"—*John Pettigrew*

#### A SYSTEMATIC MOURNER.

A poor woman who had lost her husband was visited on the day after the sad event by a neighbour, who, to her surprise, found the newly-made widow, instead of being wrapped in conventional grief, busily occupied in supping a basin of bread and milk with evident relish.

"Od, Maggie," said the visitor, "I'm glad to see that ye're no takin' the loss o' your man sair to heart. Ye're lookin' real weel."

"Weel, Jess," replied the widow, "ye needna say that. I was jist greetin' afore I took this drap milk and bread, and gin I had it suppit I'll just begin again!"

#### SCOTTISH FOLK LORE.

The following notes were contributed to *Notes and Queries*, by "C. D. A.," about twenty years ago:—

##### *Salt.*

I offered to help an old Highland lady at dinner one day to some salt from the "cellar," which stood much nearer to me than to her; she gravely put back my hand, and drew away her plate, saying at the same time with a kind of shudder between her teeth—

"Help me to *saut*!  
Help me to *sorrow*!"

##### *Sneezing.*

It is a thing known, and fixed as the eternal fates in the minds of all dounce nurses, and especially all "howdies," whatsoever, that a new-born child is in the fairy spells until it *sneezes*; then all danger is past. I once overheard an old and most reverend-looking dame, of great experience in howdie-craft, crooning over a new-born child; and after

watching it intently, and in silence, for nearly a minute, she said, taking a huge pinch of snuff—

“Och! oich! No yet—no yet!”

Suddenly the youngster exploded in a startling manner into a tremendous sneeze; when the old lady suddenly bent down, and, as far as I could see, drew her forefinger across the brows of the child, very much as if making the sign of the cross (although, as a strict Calvinist, she would have been scandalised at the idea), and joyfully exclaimed—

“God sain the bairn, it’s *no a warlock!*!”

Even people of education I have heard say, and *maintain stoutly*, that no idiot ever sneezed, or could sneeze!

### *Marriage Superstition.*

The sister of an old servant married a sailor. I asked Katie if the bridal party had gone *down* the water for a pleasure sail? She answered me at once, looking quite flurried—

“Losh, no, sir! that wouldna be *canny*, ye ken; we gaed *up* the water.”

She could give me no reasons, but abundant examples of couples who had impiously disregarded the custom, and had, in Kate’s phraseology, “*gane a’ wrang*” in consequence. In some instances the bride had come to her death; and in one both bride, bridegroom, and two bridesmaids were drowned.

### AN UNPRACTICAL ESSAY.

A Scottish dealer in cattle purchased a copy of Miss Edgeworth’s *Essay on Irish Bulls*, under the impression that it had reference to the animals in which he traded. He speedily discovered his error, and summed up his opinion of the work in these words:—

“The woman that wrote this book

maun be awfu’ ignorant, and a puir silly body, to write a book about bulls without saying a single word about horned nowte in’t, forbye the bit beastie (the vignette) at the beginning.”

### A PRODIGY IN AYRSHIRE.

The following account of a remarkable calculating girl appeared in *The North British Daily Mail*, in 1854, and is worthy of preservation:—

There is at present attending the Hastings school, Darvel, in Ayrshire, a girl aged between eight and nine years, who commenced the study of arithmetic less than a twelvemonth ago. Such are the powers of her memory that she is now able to calculate mentally, in a very few moments, such questions as these:—How many seconds in 20, 80, 90, or 900 years? How many ounces in 20, 60, or 100 tons? She can multiply such a line as £894, 19s. 11d. by 32, 56, or 96, as cleverly and correctly as any ordinary arithmetician would multiply by 4, 6, or 8. Counts in long division (simple and compound) she divides by short division, or in one line, by such figures as 34, 56, 72, 96, &c., in eight or ten seconds. The first time her teacher, Mr Tarbet, discovered her remarkable abilities was when she was showing him sums multiplied by numbers from 14 to 4880, which at first he thought she must have worked on the slate below, and then transferred. He alleged as much, which she would by no means admit. He then, to test her, told her to multiply a line of pounds, shillings, and pence, which he gave her, by 72. To his surprise she multiplied it as fast as any other person could have done by 7. Yet this girl never learned the multiplication table higher than 12 times 12. She can add up eight or ten lines of pounds, shillings, and pence, by first adding the two lowest lines, then the third lowest, and so on. When



performing these calculations, every limb and feature seems at rest. One day lately, the teacher set the door open, and ordered the children to be quiet, as he was going to give her the most difficult count she had ever got. He then told her to walk out into the garden, and find out how many moments there were in 900 years. She walked only about ten yards at an ordinary pace, when she told the answer correctly—never having reached the garden. "But," says one of the boys, "she did a far bigger count than that yesterday—the biggest, they say, that was ever done by anybody—she multiplied 123456789 by 987654321, and gave the correct answer in less than half a minute for the bet of a penny," which she refused to take, because her teacher had forbidden her in the presence of the scholars to calculate large sums at the bidding of any person. On being interrogated as to how he knew whether the answer was correct, the boy replied that two of them had counted it on a slate, and found it correct; and that the figures were so far above hundreds of millions that none of them could read them. The girl's name was Margaret Cleland, daughter of Gavin Cleland, shoemaker in Darvel.

#### THE BLACK CHANTER.

Cluny Macpherson, chief of his clan, is in possession of this ancient trophy of their presence at the North Inch. An account of it is given by a tradition, which says, that an aerial minstrel appeared over the heads of the Clan Chattan, and having played some wild strains, let the instrument drop from his hand. Being made of glass, it was broken by the fall, excepting only the chanter, which, as usual, was made of *lignum vite*. The Macpherson piper secured this enchanted pipe, and the possession of it is still considered as ensuring the prosperity of the clan.

#### THE LODGING-HOUSE DOG.

Mrs Macfarlane was a lodging-house keeper in Glasgow, and, as a matter of course, a widow. Mr Thomas Macfarlane was a lodger in her house, but, although bearing the same name, he was not related to his landlady. An elderly gentleman became a fellow-lodger, and Mrs M.'s attention to Mr M.'s comfort decreased from his appearance in the house, and certain articles began to disappear. His cupboard was systematically ransacked, and as frequently as this occurred they were not to be found when wanted. One day Mr M. came home to enjoy a nice chop he had left safe in the cupboard when he left for his office in the morning. The chop was gone! The landlady was summoned, and a conversation took place, which is here reproduced *verbatim*—

Mr M.—"Mrs Macfarlane, where's the chop I left in the press this morning?"

Mrs M.—"If the chop's no whaur you left it, sir, the dowg maun hae took it; as for me, I ken naething about ony chop in the house this day."

Lodger.—"Is the dog in?"

Landlady.—"I'se warrant he is, unless he's out among the cats at the back."

Lodger.—"Bring him in then, and I'll ask him about the chop myself."

The dog, which belonged to Mr Macfarlane, was accordingly sought for, discovered, and brought into the room. "Towser," said the lodger, "did you steal the chop out of the press this morning?" Towser looked first at his master, and then at the landlady, with an eye which neither lacked lustre nor intelligence. The latter at once accused the dog of being the thief, by saying, "Ye needna look that way, because ye ken ye stole the chop; and mair than that, ye ken ye stole a big beefsteak out of the same press yesterday, you thief-looking tyke."

It so happened that Mr Macfarlane's press did not contain such an article on the preceding day, but that a fellow-lodger had met with the loss of a steak, and had duly informed Mr M. of the fact. The result was that both lodgers gave immediate notice to quit their apartments, perfectly satisfied that the dog was not to blame, and that Glasgow landladies were as bad, if not worse, than English ones.

#### INCONGRUITIES OF SCOTTISH CHURCH PSALMODY.

At a meeting some years ago, for the practice of sacred music, in a leading U.P. Church in Glasgow, "the leader of the psalmody," as *unquhile* "pre-centors" are now termed, in the course of some observations on church psalmody, called attention to the want of good taste and common sense in the selection of tunes, which were frequently so exceedingly inappropriate to the words as to render the most solemn psalm or hymn quite ridiculous in the singing—a thing which, it need not be urged, ought most carefully to be avoided. In proof of this assertion, he instanced several cases which had come under his own observation; they were repeating tunes, which in most cases will not bear to be sung to any other words than those for which they have been specially composed. In one of them the last line of the verse, which had to be repeated, was, "And bow before the throne;" but as sung with the repeat, it was, "bow-wow-wow before the throne." The other was equally ludicrous; the words were, "And for His sheep he doth us take," which, from a similar peculiarity in the repeat, was rendered in the singing, "And for His *sheep he'd*"—"And for His *sheep he'd*"—"And for His sheep He doth us take!" Another, "Oh! send down *sal*," "Oh! send down *sal*,"

"Oh! send down salvation to us." In the fourth hymn, the females had a repeat to themselves—"Oh! for a *man*," "Oh! for a *man*," "Oh! for a mansion in the skies!" Of course the effect of such outrageous solecisms in good taste, not to speak of the apparent blasphemy and indecency of them in many cases, can have no other effect than to destroy that propriety of feeling and conduct which should always exist among those engaged in such a solemn exercise; and our pre-centors ought to be more careful in their selection of tunes, and see that they are suitable to the words, and let them avoid *repeat* tunes, unless they are certain that such incongruities can be avoided; otherwise the consequences are inevitable, and the services, instead of having that solemnising effect which they ought to have, will only make the foolish laugh and the judicious grieve.

#### ADAM BRYDON OF ABERLOSK.\*

The following letter appeared in an early number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is a curiosity in its way, and affords an example of official haughtiness on one hand, and a humorous disregard for it on the other. It is a pity that a fuller account of the matter has not been given, as it was said that it led to the dismissal from office of the party complained of. "The king" was George III., and the writer died in 1850, at the age of 84.

Adam Brydon was a farmer, and resided at Aberlosh, near Hawick. There was some little delay in the delivery of the letter, but it eventually reached the "royal hand"—

DEAR SIR,—I went thirty miles

\* Mr Robert Brydon, Eskdalemuir, Langholm, presumably a relative or descendant of the redoubtable farmer, has favoured us with the following communication.



yesterday on foot to pay your taxes, and after all the bodies would not take them, saying that I was too late, and that now they must be recovered by regular course of law. I thought if you was like me, money would never come wrong to you, although it were a few days too late; so I enclose you twenty-seven pounds in notes, and half a guinea, which is the amount of what they charge me for the last half year; and fourpence halfpenny over. You must send me a receipt when the coach comes back, else they will not believe that I have paid you. Direct to the care of Mr Andrew Wilson, butcher, in Hawick.—I remain, Dear Sir, your very humble servant,

“ADAM BRYDON.

“P.S.—This way of taxing the farmers will never do; you will see the upshot.

“TO HIS MAJESTY  
GEORGE REX, LONDON.”

The writer of the preceding letter was extensively known by the name of his farm “Aberlosk,” and possessed great readiness of wit and repartee. He was the friend and helper, in a pecuniary way, of Hogg, “The Ettrick Shepherd,” whose brother, David Hogg, was for some years shepherd at Aberlosk, where James spent many a day. The latter was also connected with “Aberlosk” for some time, either as nominal partner or shepherd, on the farm of Locherben, in Closeburn, and in an extant autograph letter to him he says—

“I have this day taken the valuable farm of Locherben intentionally for you.”

Here it is presumed Hogg formed acquaintance with some of the characters introduced in his *Aerial Voyage*.

Many curious and mirth-provoking remarks of “Aberlosk” are still current. Shortly after the publication of Hogg’s

*Mountain Bard*, a “neebor herd”—an old man—called one forenoon at Aberlosk, when the new book happened to be lying on the table. The shepherd took it up, and reading the title as the “Mountain’s Beard,” he exclaimed—

“The Mountain’s Beard! What can that be?”

“Oh!” replied Aberlosk, “that maun be *rime*.”

On another occasion, being consulted by some friends in Langholm as to his opinion about the settlement of a new minister, who, it was reported, either denied or entertained peculiar views on the doctrine of original sin—

“Oh!” said Aberlosk, “he is the very man for you. Langholm folk hae plenty o’ *actual* sin—they need nane o’ the original.”

Adam Brydon had a brother to whom he sold an estate called Burncleugh. This brother was much given to new schemes and unprofitable hobbies. One season he erected a small carding mill on his premises, and having purchased some second-hand machinery, at a place some distance off, horses and carts were in requisition to carry it home. Aberlosk himself, anxious to assist, went with a horse and cart, and either from choice or necessity placed the waterwheel, measuring twelve or fourteen feet in diameter, on his own cart, making his way homewards with his light but large load. At the outskirts of the parish he met a woman who exclaimed—

“Gude guide us a’, Aedie, what’s this ye hae on the day?”

“Did ye no hear the news, Jennie?” replied the laird.

“No! what is it?”

“Oh! the deil’s flitting; he’s leavin’ the country, an’ gaun to tak shippin’ at Leith, an’ I’m just giein’ him a lift forrit wi’ his plenishin’.”

“An’ terrible queer plenishin’ the puir bodie has,” quoth Jennie, as both went on their ways.

## JAMES SMITH.

Mr James Smith, of Edinburgh, is well known as a living Scottish poet of the highest order, and his *Poems, Songs, and Ballads* deserve the high encomiums which have been passed upon them. As a writer of graphic prose sketches of humble life, full of genuine humour and rollicking fun, he is unrivalled. Those only who have heard Mr Smith *tell* his own stories can appreciate his powers as an actor. Mr Smith, whom we have the pleasure to number among our friends, has kindly consented to the insertion of a few extracts from his writings in our collection.

*Peggy Babbie's Auntie's Funeral.*

"What are ye ettin to ca' the wean!"

"Weel, sir, Peggy's thinkin' on ca'in't after an' auld aunty o' hers by the mither's side; an' her name was JackabeenyCaraleenyPeggyrobbeMac-lasky. An' ye maun ken she was an unco queer yin in her day an' generation. Od, sir, there wasna yin o' the family ever got sic a burial, either before or since; an' I'll tell ye hoo. Ye see, she dee't i' the Infirmary awa owerbye at Embro' yonder, ye ken; an' it happent that a sodger birkie had dee't at the same time. Aweel, sir, when the sodgers cam doun frae the Castle to tak him awa, I'll be whuppit if they didna lift up the auld wife by mistake! sae they took her awa doun to the kirk-yard, an' after firin' three rantin' shots ower her head, they gied up the Canongate as proud as peacocks, playin' '*The girl I left behind me!*'"

*Bauldy Brown's Horse.*

Ae day, as I was passin' Jock's Lodge, the bawnd was playin' i' the barrack square. The moment Bassy heard it,

it put him in mind o' his youthfu' days; for he cockit up his lugs, gaed a cheery nicher, syne dashed by the sentry wi' the cart at his tail, like a flash o' lichtnin', an' gaed richt in amang the sodgers; coupit ower the maysicstand, an' cam against a chield that was rowtin' awa on a lang worly-squorly concern like a brass pump, an' broke his leg. That was the warst scrape o' a'; for I was taen up for't, an' fined twa pound for no payin' proper attention to ma horse. May Auld Sandy whap me into pickshafts if that was fair.

"Pay proper attention to ma horse," says I to the auld vinegar-faced judge; "hoo could I help it, ma lord, when the beast had an ear for maysic? If you was a horse, ma lord, an' you had an ear for maysic, hoo could ye help nicherin' an' funkin' at the soond o' a rowdydow yersel'? Hae ye nae fellow-feelin', ma lord? Eh? Ye canna tell but in twenty or thirty year after this, ye may turn up an auld horse yersel' yet, wi' an ear for maysic tae!"

I was fined ither twa pound for evenin' sic a great man to a horse; an' a' this was through the horrible effects o' haein' a beast that kent maysic.

*Geordie M'Dander's Legacy.*

Takin' aff his hat, says he, "I'm Benjamin Greasypouches, the writer, frae Sourpans, an' I've got grand news for ye!"

"News!" says I.

"News!" says Jenny, a' shakin' an' shiverin' like the yellow jeely cockolorums in the Honourable Mistress M'Fadgen's wundy.

"Ay, news," says he; "yer faither's sister, Mrs Pernickety Cocklebrose o' Cocklebrose Ha' 's noo amang the mools, puir body!"

"It's no possible!" cried Jenny, wi' a skreech, liftin' up her hands like a



mountybank, an' dichtin' her dry een wi' a wet clout, for she had never seen the woman before in her life.

"Ay," says he, "she's deid; an' ye'll aiblins be mair vext to hear that she's left ye twenty pounds in guid hard cash, except what comes to me, ye oonderstand, for lookin' after't; besides an auld rickety house, wi' the gable-end a' glitterin' like a rizzart haddie's heid i' the dark, wi' sky-blue-scarlet chucky-stanes an' oyster-shells; twa acres an' a-hauf an' three-quarters o' prime Slocherinskyte peeryories, late an' early, ilka yin o' them like a mason's mell, wi' a thumpin' tattie-bogle to fricht awa the corbies; a braw fat grumpy wi' a wudden leg, forbye a bonnie lot o' cocks an' hens that never saw the morn! Sae ye're a landit properrietor noo, Geordie, an' may bid guid mornin' as sune's ye like to a' the solemn realities o' muslin kail. An' there's four pound i' the meantime for yer comforts, jist to gie ye a taste o' what's comin', ye duggie! an' ye'll be sure to ca' ower i' the mornin' at my chaumers, No. 946 Snowker's Crescent, for the rest o' the siller, an' the title-deeds o' the property; an' I needna say I'll be very prood to see ye."

"Hooray!" says I, an' Jenny fell clean ower in a fent. But ye may be sure she wasna lang o' comin' tae when there was siller i' the case. Feth I wish ye had seen her when the Sourpans writer gaed awa. She took me seven times round the neck, an' ca'd me her ain dear Geordie, tho' she had been yowlin' an' yerpin' an' girnin' at me like an auld cat frae four o'clock that very mornin'! Od, it's a strange thing human nature after a'!

#### *Jenny Flucker in a Passion.*

Wha'll buy my caller haddies? Wha'll buy? Come awa, my lassie; here's the braw sonsy anes for ye; as fresh an'

as caller as yersel', but no near sae bonnie; an' fiftence the piece is a' I'm askin'—only fiftence, my darlin'; or hauf-a-croon for the only three left in my creel. What d'ye say, na?—C-way! There's a bargain ye'll no get every day. What div ye say? Fiftence for what? *Fiftence for the whale o' that braw, sonsy fish!* an' scarcely yin to be seen in the market! —Awa oot o' my sicht, ye ferny-tickled razor-face, wi' yer dirty-dandy flunces, an' yer tapitoorie heid o' sky-blue-scarlet hair, like the Toor o' Babel on fire!—Here! tak them a' for naething! Wad ye like them? Oot o' my sicht, ye dowdy-looking thing! —O but I'm braw, braw, the day, wi' partan-taes i' my lugs for earrings! —What a bonnie figure-heid ye'd mak for a cockle-boat! it's enough to send a' the fish in creation four airts at yince an' twa airts for Sunday! What bonnie feet ye've got for killin' clockers! Pretty Miss Razorface! Wad ye ever hae the daurin conscience to offer fiftence for three o' the bonniest fish that ever lay in a creel? G-wa, g-wa! ye surely tak me to be in the creel as weel's the fish! —But let me tell ye this, my woman, for yer comfort: if ever ony man pits as sma' a price on you, as you dae on my fish, ye'll stand a hantle sicht langer in yer auld bauchels than my haddies 'll lie in the creel. Tak that to yer supper the nicht for a change, bonnie Miss Razorface; an' ye'll neither be hungry nor dry after't!

#### *Jenny Blair's Dream.*

I dreamt ae nicht that Sniggers the Factor took a celestial journey; an' as he drew near to the gate, and wanted admittance, St Peter cried, "Bide aff there!—bide aff! It's no here, Maister Sniggers—it's no here, sir; ye've mista'en yer road a'thegither; tak care o'

yer feet: it's a guid lang distance frae here, at the left hand side—*ye ken whaur!*"

#### *Old Edinburgh Ministers.*

There was wee Scotty, o' the Coogate Kirk; an' a famous preacher he was. Ye couldna get a seat in his kirk, when he was at the height o' his popularity. But he was sadly bathered wi' his flock, for they kept him aye in het water.

Ae day he was preaching on Job. "My brethren," says he, "Job, in the first place, was a sairly-trying man; Job, in the second place, was an uncommonly patient man; Job, in the third place, never preached in the Coogate; fourthly, and lastly, had Job preached *there*, Lord help his patience!"

At anither time, before the service began, when there was a great noise o' folk gaun into their seats, he got up in the pu'pit an' cried out—"Oh that I could hear the pence birlin' in the plate at the door wi' half the noise ye mak wi' yer cheepin' shoon! Oh that Paul had been here wi' a lang wudden ladle! for yer coppers are strangers in a far country, an' as for yer silver an' gold—let us pray!"

An' there was Deddy Weston, wha began ane o' his Sunday-morning services in this manner:—"My brethren, I'll divide my discourse the day into three heads. *Firstly*, I'll tell ye something that I ken, an' ye dinna ken. *Secondly*, I'll tell ye something that ye ken, an' I dinna ken. *Thirdly*, I'll tell ye something that neither ye nor me ken.

"*Firstly*, Coming ower a style this mornin', my breeks got an unco skreed. That's something that I ken, an' ye dinna ken.

"*Secondly*, What you're gaun to gie Charlie Waddie, the tailor, for mendin' my breeks, is what ye ken, an' I dinna ken.

"*Thirdly*, What Charlie Waddie's to tak for mendin' my breeks, is what neither ye nor me ken.

"*Finally, and lastly*, Hand round the ladle."

An' there was Doctor Dabster, that could pit a bottle or twa under his belt, an' was neither up nor down. But an unco bitter body was he when there was a sma' collection. Before the service began, the beadle generally handed him a slip o' paper, stating the amount collected. Ae day, a' the siller gathered was only twa shillin's an' ninepence; an' he could never get this out o' his head through the whole o' his sermon. It was aye spunkin' oot noo an' then. "It's the land o' Canawn ye're thrang strivin' after," says he; "the land o' Canawn, eh?—twa an' ninepence!—yes, ye're sure to gang there! I think I see ye! Nae doot ye'll think yersel's on the richt road for't. Ask yer consciences, an' see what they'll say. Ask them, an' what *will* they say? I'll tell ye: 'Twa miserable shillin's an' ninepence is puir passage-money for sic a lang journey!' What? 'Twa-an'-ninepence! As weel micht a coo gang up a tree, tail foremost, an' whistle like a superannuated mavis, as get to Canawn for *that!*'"

#### A "SNELL" LAW.

"Ye have heard of a year they call the *forty-five*, young gentleman; when the Southern's' heads made their last acquaintance with Scottish claymores? There was a set of rampaging chields in the country then that they called rebels—I never could find out what for. Some men should have been wi' them that never came—Provost —, Skye, and the Bush aboon Traquair for that, ye ken. Weel, the job was settled at last. Cloured crowns were plenty, and raxed necks came into fashion. I dinna mind very weel what I was



doing, swaggering about the country with dirk and pistol at my belt for five or six months or thereaway; but I had a weary waking out of a wild dream. Then did I find myself on foot in a misty morning, with my hand, just for fear of going astray, linked into a handcuff, as they call it, with poor Harry Redgauntlet's fastened into the other; and there we were, trudging along with about a score more that had thrust their horns ower deep in the bog, just like ourselves, and a sergeant's guard of redcoats, with twa file of dragoons, to keep all quiet and give us heart by the road. Now, if this mode of travelling was not very pleasant, the object did not particularly recommend it; for, you understand, young man, that they did not trust these poor rebel bodies to be tried by juries of their ain kindly countrymen, though ane would have thought they would have found Whigs enough in Scotland to hang us all; but they behove to trounce us away to be tried at Carlisle, where the folk had been so frightened that had you brought a whole Highland clan at once into the court, they would have put their hands upon their een and cried, "Hang them a', just to be quit of them!"

"Ay, ay," said the provost, "that was a snell law, I grant ye."

"Snell!" said the wife, "snell! I wish they that passed it had the jury I would recommend them to!"—*Redgauntlet*.

#### THE BRANDANES.

The men of the Isle of Bute were called Brandanes, from what derivation is not quite certain, though the strong probability lies with Dr Leyden, who deduces the name from the patron saint of the Island in the Frith of Clyde—viz., St Brandin. The territory of Bute was the king's own patrimony, and its natives his personal followers. The

noble family of Bute, to whom the island now belongs, are an ancient illegitimate branch of the royal house.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

#### STAUNFOR'T AND CRAWFOR'T.

When Sir D. K. Sandford and Mr Crawford were contesting the seat for Paisley, an old woman visited Glasgow on the day of the election. Being asked what the probable result would be, she replied, with more wit, perhaps, than she was aware of—

"I dinna weel ken wha'll get it, nor I dinna muckle care; but folks that should ken say that Staunfor't will get it, and that Crawford't will no get it."

#### A LONG HORSE.

"Can you give me a horse the length o' Paisley?" said a gentleman one day, popping his head in at the bar window of the Eagle Inn.

"Deed no," said mine host; "I havena ony that length; but I'll gie you as lang a ane as I can."—*Laird of Logan*.

#### SIR GEORGE LOCKHART.

Sir George Lockhart was President of the Court of Session, and was "pistolled" in the High Street of Edinburgh by John Chiesley, of Dalry, in the year 1689. The revenge of this desperate man was stimulated by an opinion that he had sustained injustice in a decret-arbitral pronounced by the President, assigning an alimentary provision of about £93 in favour of his wife and children. He is said at first to have designed to shoot the judge, while attending upon divine worship, but was diverted by some feeling concerning the sanctity of the place. After the congregation

was dismissed, he dogged his victim as far as the head of the close, on the south side of the Lawnmarket, in which the President's house was situated, and shot him dead, as he was about to enter it. This act was done in the presence of numerous spectators. The assassin made no attempt to fly, but boasted of the deed, saying, "I have taught the President how to do justice." He had at least given him fair warning, as Jack Cade says on a similar occasion. The murderer, after undergoing the torture, by a special Act of the Estates of Parliament, was tried before the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as high sheriff, and condemned to be dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution, to have his right hand struck off while he yet lived, and finally, to be hung on the gallows, with the pistol wherewith he shot the President tied round his neck. This execution took place on the 3d of April 1689; and the incident was long remembered as a dreadful instance of what the law books call the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

#### "THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE."

In 1640 the Earl of Airlie, who was a devoted royalist, fearing that he might be compelled to sign the Covenant, went to England, and left his castles, Airlie and Forter, both well garrisoned, in charge of his son, Lord Ogilvy. The latter, being summoned by the Covenanters to surrender, replied, that as "his father was absent, and he left no such commission with him, as to render his house to any subjects, he would defend the same to his power, till his father returned from England."

The Committee of Estates, being determined at all hazards to get these strongholds into their hands, issued a commission to the Earl of Argyle, au-

thorizing him to take and destroy the castles. As there had been a feud of long standing between Argyle and the Ogilvys, he gladly undertook the task. Lord Ogilvy, seeing that resistance was hopeless, withdrew from the Castle of Airlie. Argyle fulfilled his instructions with fierce fidelity, burning the castle, and razing the walls. Gordon of Rothiemay, in an Account of the Civil Wars, states that Argyle "was seen taking a hammer in his hand, and knocking down the hewed work of the doors and windows, till he did sweat at his work."

From Airlie, Argyle marched to Forfar, where Lady Ogilvy, then near her confinement, had been sent for safety. He treated her with great cruelty, turned her out of doors, refusing permission to her grandmother, Lady Drummie, to shelter her in her own house at Kelly.

The well-known ballad, "The Bonnie House o' Airlie," is founded on these incidents.

#### AN OPINION ON WHISKY.

"I'll no deny, sir," said an old man to a temperance advocate, who was endeavouring to induce him to adopt his principles, "I'll no deny, sir, but that whisky is a bad thing, specially bad whisky!"

#### SCOTTISH JUDGES.

The judges of the Court of Session are distinguished by the title of Lord prefixed to their own temporal designation. As the wives of these official dignitaries do not bear any share in their husband's honours, they are distinguished only by their lord's family name. They were not always contented with this species of Salique law, which certainly is somewhat incon-



sistent. But their pretensions to title are said to have been long since repelled by James V., who founded the College of Justice.

"I," said he, "made the carles lords, but who the devil made the carlines ladies?"

#### "ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY."

An old gentleman named Scott was engaged in the "affair of the '15" (the Rebellion of 1715), and with some difficulty was saved from the gallows, by the intercession of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. Her grace, who maintained considerable authority over her clan, sent for the object of her intercession, and warning him of the risk which he had run, and the trouble she had taken on his account, wound up her lecture by intimating that, in case of such disloyalty again, he was not to expect her interest in his favour.

"An' it please your grace," said the stout old Tory, "I fear I am too old to see another opportunity."

#### THE "MERIDIAN."

John's Coffee-house in the High Street of Edinburgh still exists, in name only however, the original small, dark place having been burnt. It was the resort of such writers and clerks belonging to the Parliament House above fifty years ago as retained the ancient Scottish custom of a "meridian," as it was called, or noontide dram of spirits. If their proceedings were watched, they might be seen to turn fidgety about twelve o'clock, and exchange looks with each other from their separate desks, till at length some one of formal and dignified presence assumed the honour of leading one, when away they went, threading the crowd like a string of wild-fowl, crossed the square

or close, and following each other into the coffee-house, received in turn from the hand of the waiter the meridian, which was placed ready at the bar. This they did day by day; and though they did not speak to one another, they seemed to attach a certain degree of sociability to performing the ceremony in company.

#### THE SCOTTISH PINT.

The Scottish pint of liquid measure comprehends four English measures of the same denomination. The jest is well known of my poor countryman, who, driven to extremity by the raillery of the Southron, on the small value of the Scottish coin, at length answered—

"Ay, ay? but the deil tak them that has the least pint-stoup?"—*Sir Walter Scott.*

#### ON MALCOLM DOWNIE.

Here lies interr'd a man o' micht,  
They ca'd him Malcolm Downie;  
He lost his life ae market nicht,  
By fa'ing aff his pownie.

Aged 37 Years.

#### BRUCE AND DE BOHUN.

At the battle of Bannockburn, in 1314, the English vanguard, commanded by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, came in sight of the Scottish army upon the evening of the 23d of June. Bruce was then riding upon a little palfrey, in front of his foremost line, putting his host in order. It was then that a personal encounter took place betwixt him and Sir Henry de Bohun, a gallant English knight, the issue of which had a great effect upon the spirits of both armies. Sir Henry

was slain by one blow of the battle-axe.

The Scottish leaders remonstrated with the king upon his temerity. He only answered, "I have broken my good battle-axe." The English vanguard retreated after witnessing this single combat.

#### GIPSIES IN ABERDEENSHIRE

This singular race of people are first noticed in the records of Aberdeen, in 1527, when a number of them made their appearance, under a leader called Eiken Jaks. They remained for some time, until being impeached for stealing silver spoons from one of the citizens they took their departure. John Faw, recognised by James V. as Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, took up his abode some time along with his brother George, and their company. Their chief occupation was palmistry, although they occasionally employed themselves in some rude handicraft, or as tinkers. They soon became so audacious, that it was found necessary to banish them from the town, but the earl and his wife and sister were excepted from this act of proscription.

#### BOOKING HIMSELF.

"What name, sir?" said a booking clerk at a coach office in Paisley, to a person who was applying for a seat in the Glasgow coach. "What hae ye to dae wi' my name, gin I gie ye the siller?" replied the applicant.

"I require it for the way-bill; and unless you give it, you can't have a place in the coach," said the clerk.

"Oh! gin that be the case, I suppose ye mann hae't. Weel, then, my name's John Tamson o' Butter Braes, an' ye may put esquire till't gin ye like; at least I live on my ain farm."

#### HIGHLANDERS IN NEW ZEALAND.

The aristocracy of New Zealand, in fact, may be said to be the Highlanders. I stayed with the grandson of a Highlander, for example, who has half-a-million of sheep. I saw another Highlander, who is a member of Parliament, and who went there with nothing, I believe, and has one hundred and twenty-five thousand sheep. I heard of two Highlanders who took their stand upon two mountains in New Zealand, and each asked government to give them a lease of the land that they saw from the tops of these respective mountains. They obtained their wish, and are now both wealthy men. From a New Zealand paper to-day I see the Highlanders are so successful, that a Chinaman making application for some employment called himself Macgillivray. The people were astonished. They had never heard a Chinaman called Macgillivray, and they asked what the meaning of it was. The reply of the Chinaman was, that there was no use of any one making application unless he were a Scotsman.—*James Begg, D.D.*

#### "BORN TO COMMAND."

While a small sloop belonging to some port in the "Kingdom" of Fife was entering the Frith of Forth one night, a gale came on, and this necessitated the shortening of sail. The ship was not much above the tonnage of an ordinary herring boat. The skipper alone was on deck, and at the helm; in fact, he constituted the watch. When the gale increased he left his post, walked forward to the fore-castle, and thus called down the hatchway—

"All hands, ahoy. Come up, Jamie and the laddie, and bring up the wee jibbie under your arm."—*Dr Wilson.*



## STEALING TEA.

In the early part of the present century a poor woman was brought before a Greenock magistrate, charged with stealing tea from a ship's side.

It was her first offence, and the bailie said—

“What temptet ye to do it, woman?”

The prisoner burst into tears, and replied—

“It was the deevil temptit me.”

“The deevil, honest man,” answered the magistrate, “had nothing to do wi't; (*sotto voce*) at least I never kenn'd he was sic a grand judge o' tea, for it was the best kist in the ship; sae ye maun e'en gang to the lock-up for a week.”

## A SHEEP-STEALING DOG.

Murdison and Millar were a sheep-farmer and his shepherd in the vale of Tweed, who carried on an extensive system of devastation on the flocks of their neighbours about a hundred years ago. “Yarrow,” a dog belonging to Millar, was so well trained, that he had only to show him during the day the parcel of sheep which he desired to have; and when dismissed at night for the purpose, Yarrow went right to the pasture where the flock had fed, and carried off the quantity shown to him. He then drove them before him by the most secret paths to Murdison's farm, where the dishonest master and servant were in readiness to receive the booty. Two things were remarkable. In the first place, that if the dog, when thus dishonestly employed, actually met his master, he observed great caution in recognising him, as if he had been afraid of bringing him under suspicion; secondly, that he showed a distinct sense that the illegal transactions in which he was engaged were not of a nature to endure daylight. The sheep

which he was directed to drive were often reluctant to leave their own pastures, and sometimes the intervention of rivers and other obstacles made their progress peculiarly difficult. On such occasions, Yarrow continued his efforts to drive his plunder forward, until the day began to dawn; a signal which he conceived rendered it necessary for him to desert his spoil, and slink homeward by a circuitous road. It is generally said this accomplished dog was hanged along with his master; but the truth is, he survived him long, in the service of a man in Leithen, yet was said afterwards to have shown little of the wonderful instinct exhibited in the service of Millar.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

## THE KITTLE NINE-STEPS.

This was a pass on the very brink of the Castle-rock of Edinburgh to the north, by which it was just possible for a goat or a High School boy to turn the corner of the building, where it rose from the edge of the precipice. This was so favourite a feat with the “hell and neck boys” of the higher classes, that at one time sentinels were posted to prevent its repetition. One of the nine-steps was rendered more secure because the climber could take hold of the root of a nettle, so precarious were the means of passing this celebrated spot.

## ESTHER, THE GIPSY QUEEN.

Queen Esther, the gipsy sovereign, used to give a quaint description of the village of Kirk-Yetholm, where she resided.

“Yetholm,” she said, “is sae mingle-mangle, that ane micht think it was either built on a dark nicht, or sawn on a windy ane.”

Speaking of the inhabitants, she said

they were "maistly Irish," and none of her "seed, breed, or generation." Apropos of her demeanour before her numerous visitors, she one day came out with this *naive* confession—

"I need to hae fifty faces—a face for a minister, a face for a gentleman, a face for a blackguard, and a face for an honest man!" And a clerical gentleman who appeared before her with his *third* wife, she apostrophised thus: "Ah! Mr —, ye're an awfu' waster o' women!"

#### BIBLES AND BOTTLES OF ALE.

It was once the universal custom to place ale, wine, or some other strong liquor, in the chamber of an honoured guest, to assuage his thirst, should he feel any on awaking in the night, which, considering that the hospitality of that period often reached excess, was by no means unlikely.

The author has met some instances of it in former days, and in old-fashioned families. It was, perhaps, no poetic fiction that records how

"My cummer and I lay down to sleep  
With two pint stoups at our bed-feet;  
And aye when we waken't we drank them  
dry:  
What think ye o' my cummer and I?"

It is a current story in Teviotdale, that in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put into the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On one occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dine by the worthy baronet, and several abode all night. According to the fashion of the times, seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack-room, which was used on such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were

presented, according to custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have recalled the domestic as he was leaving the apartment.

"My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know, when we meet together as brethren, the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest—only one Bible therefore is necessary; take away the other six, and in their place bring six more bottles of ale."

This synod would have suited the "hermit sage" of Johnson, who answered a pupil who inquired for the real road to happiness with the celebrated line—

"Come, my lad, and drink some beer!"  
*Sir Walter Scott.*

#### "THE OTHER MACNAB."

When the chief of the Clan Macnab emigrated to Canada, with a hundred followers, he, on arriving at Toronto, called on his namesake Sir Allan, and left his card, which bore on it his usual appellation, "The Macnab."

Sir Allan promptly returned his visit, leaving his card as "The other Macnab?"

#### JACOBITE BANK NOTES.

At a meeting of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, in 1865, there was exhibited an engraved copperplate, found near the west end of Loch Laggan, which was one of those engraved by Sir Robert Strange for Prince Charles Edward, shortly before the battle of Culloden. It is engraved for notes of "one penny," "twopence," "threepence," and "sixpence." Each note has a back-ground of a trophy of arms, with the letters "P. C." in the



centre, surrounded by a crown and three feathers; and although slightly engraved, is marked by the graceful manner of the engraver. This interesting relic seems to have been lost in the retreat from Culloden, and was found as already stated.

#### LAWYERS' SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

It is probably true, as observed by Counsellor Pleydell, that a lawyer's anxiety about his case, supposing him to have been some time in practice, will seldom disturb his rest or digestion. Clients will, however, sometimes fondly entertain a different opinion. I was told by an excellent judge now no more, of a country gentleman who (addressing his leading counsel, my informer, then an advocate in great practice, on the morning of the day on which the case was to be pleaded) said, with singular *bonhomie*—

“Weel, my lord” (the counsel was then Lord Advocate), “the awful day is come at last. I havena been able to sleep a wink for thinking of it, nor, I daresay, your lordship either!”—*Sir Walter Scott.*

#### A SERIOUS BLUNDELL.

Watty Marshall was a simple, useless, good-for-nothing body, who somehow or other got married to a terrible shrew of a wife. Finding out that she had made a bad bargain, she resolved to have the best of it, and accordingly abused and thrashed her luckless spouse to such an extent, that he, in despair, went to the minister to get unmarried. The parson told him that he could do

him no such service, as marriages were made in heaven.

“Made in heaven, sir,” cried Watty; “it’s a lee! I was marriet i’ your ain kitchen, wi’ your twa servant hizzies looking on! I doubt ye hae made an awfu’ mistake wi’ my marriage, sir, for the muckle fire that was bleezing at the time made it look far mair like the other place! What a life I’ll hae to lead, baith in this world and the next, for that blunder o’ yours, minister!”

#### THE HARDEST SHARE OF THE WORK.

Sandy Tulloch lived with his sister and her husband on an upland farm a good many miles from the county town. Sandy was not exactly what is called “half-witted,” but his ideas were sometimes a little hazy. When the minister came to baptize one of his sister’s children, a “neebor wife” sent Sandy to the well, which was some distance from the house, for two buckets of water, just to keep him out of the way. But Sandy, fully alive to the importance of the occasion, was back in “no time,” with the buckets running over and the perspiration streaming down his honest face. Before he had hardly recovered his breath, however, the “neebor,” who took the buckets and quickly emptied their contents, was back again with them, and despatched him for another “rake.” This operation was performed several times with great success; and the baptismal ceremony was got through without interruption. Sandy was often afterwards heard to declare, when any one spoke of a baptism—

“Od, I pity them that hae the water to carry!”